A$AP Rocky, Trilla (Ft. A$AP Illz, A$AP NAST &a

[Intro: Sample]
One, two, umm
Buckle my, umm (Yeah)

[Verse 1: A$AP Rocky]
Pass the- pass the- pass the mothafuckin' Swisher, pour some mothafuckin' liquor
For my mothafuckin' niggas who ain't wit us, keep it trilla'
My gold teeth, my french braids, getting throwed since 10th grade
Wealth is in the mind, not the pocket, if that's the case, then I been paid
Herringbone chain, my gold frames, my Cartiers, you small change
You bitch made, I'm old school, like gem stars and switchblades
I spit game, I get paid, a pimp game
I be, I be that pretty muthafucka, A$AP is just my nickname
I'm comin' down when I'm tippin' on them 4' (Yeah)s
Cause we shittin' on these, shittin' on these niggas and these hoes
Cause that purp shit I sip up, your bitch chose, you slipped up
I get-get my dick licked, I'm draped out, drip-dripped up
Top of the top of the line, all on my grind, purple be easin' my mind
We runnin', we runnin', we gunnin', we gunnin', we're gonna hit one at a time, time
Them bad bitches blow kisses by my earlobe
A weirdo but I'm real though

[Verse 2: A$AP Twelvyy]
Yeah, um
All these boppers wanna bop 'em, niggas wanna jock 'em
Not a red light or a city cop that can stop 'em
Going broke is not an option, always on that cash flow
She used to call me asshole, now she drop that ass low
Fuck it man I'm past dope, sour diesel slash coke
A$AP we the last hope, fuck it this my fast flow
I slow it down I pick it up, blue jeans I rip 'em up
That's swag bitch, you mad bitch, see you in my past bitch
I'm headed to the future, Twelvyy ain't no loser
Mixing up that syrup, call it Punky Brewster
I'm slurring wussup, don't tell me to shut up
I ain't tryna start shit, but man I'm really fucked up
I lucked up, I see it as a come up (Yeah)
I'm on my job man, I see you when the sun's up (Yeah)
Huh, young niggas run everything
A$AP to the top and these bitches love everything

[Verse 3: A$AP Nast]
Uh, god bless America, my flow is scarier
Style wild like my nigga Common after Erykah (Damn)
Your bitch, I'm in bed with her, head so good (Yeah)
Make a nigga feel good to the point I wanna marry her (Uh)
But I be on my pimping shit, check out my limp and shit (Yeah, uh)
I be getting money, getting money, can you dig it, bitch? (Uh)
Hoes get on my pimping ship all aboard, all aboard (Uh)
East coast mothafuckas making all the noise, all the noise
I know you niggas heard of us, Raf Simon murderers (Uh, uh)
Fashion killa' word to Bigga Bars, I never heard of ya
Still sipping candy painted whips is what I'm sitting in
Kitchen chemist whipping up that shit that get these bitches in
New York Nasty flow, that's a little bit of crack mixed in with a fifth of Hen
Businessman, middle finger to your fucking business, man
Great adventure shit, rollercoasting take a flick of this
Motion picture shit, bitch I grind like a skater do
Always strive and prosper, Rock what level we gon' take it to?